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AN

ELEGY,

On the much Lamented Death, of the Right Honourable

Sr. Hugh Windham Kt.

ONE OF

His MAJESTIES Juſtices of the Court of *Common-Pleas Weſtminſter*, who departed this Life upon his Circuit, at the Aſſizes in the City of *Norwich*.
July 1684.

——*Nil non Mortale Tenemus*---
Pectoris Exceptis Ingeniique bonis.

THe Fatal Bell had tol'd its diſmal Knell,
And Tears from every Eye in Rivers fell:
Sighs fill'd the Air, and e'ry generous Breaſt
By Sorrows too unwelcome Load was preſt
When wondring at the Cauſe, the News was ſpread,
The Good, the Juſt, the Learned *WINDHAM*'s dead,
Weep then, weep vain Mortality, ſaid I,
Till every Tear become an *Elegy*;
And when your Eye-ſprings fail for want of Store,
Then grieve and ſigh that you can weep no more.
Oh Fate, Inexorable Fate! What truſt
To Titles, when they but Intitle Duſt?
To ſay here lyes the Great, here lies the Brave,
Is all the poor diſtinction in the Grave;
And when thy Summons, Summons us to Death,
The Beſt and Wiſeſt muſt reſign their breath:
Elſe had not *WINDHAM* dyed, but liv'd to ſee
The outmoſt Periods of Mortality.
When Aged Time the pangs of Death ſhall bear,
And Natures ſelf no humane frailties wear.

His

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His knowledge like the rays of light had pry'd
Through e'ry Science in Arts boſom hid:
Which ſtill, as he renewed, he ſtill beſtow'd
Not for his own, but for the general good.
So for Mans profit, the laborious Sun
Round its Eccliptick Line ſtill trudges on
In conſtant pace, and never doth complain
Of his long Journey, Labour, or his Pain:
As he in Paths of Juſtice ſpent his days,
Without deſigns of Honour or of Praiſe;
And 'midſt the many Hurricanes of State,
Juſtly preſerv'd his Ancient well-fill'd Seat:
Till with the Reverend Grey his Head was crown'd,
And unſought Glories made his Name Renown'd:
When like Wiſe *Samuell*, in a good old Age,
Like Fruit full ripe, He left his earthly Stage,
By *Iſraels* Sons lamented to his Tomb,
The Glory of the paſt, and Ages yet to come.
Great Man farewell, thy Countries chief delight,
Great without Pride, and Wiſe without Conceit:
Thou happy art, ah happy, happy thou,
Who through Lives Sea has reacht thy Harbour now:
And art of thy *Jeruſalem* poſſeſt,
Amongſt th' immortal Miriads of the bleſt;
Whilſt we, who ſadly tarry yet behind,
Are made the ſport of e'ry Wave and Wind.
Oh Life what art thou that we court thee ſo?
So loth to loſe, ſo loth to let thee go?
Fools as we are, like Children pleas'd with Toys,
In liew of which we loſe ſubſtantial Joys;
For never can we hope to reſt before,
Like him, we touch the Univerſal Shore,
Where we ſhall never grieve or ſuffer more.
There reſt with thy Contemporaries reſt,
Bleſt Saint to reap the Triumphs of the bleſt;
Where in Immortal Songs great *HALES* and thee
May joyn in Choire, one Voice one Harmony.

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